



MOOD: 🤔 nostalgic

MUSIC: Kristen Hersh - Poor Wayfaring Stranger

I found some old photos of a ghost town in southern Nevada that I took back in 2000. Total icon fodder.

Funny thing is, I only started making Nevada icons when I stopped being homesick for it.



This looks like a good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not bad.

Gotta teach RHex to smear.

22 comments

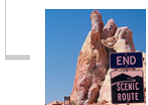


 **akiko**

March 29 2009, 00:05:23 UTC COLLAPSE

I've always been fascinated by ghost towns and other abandoned places. A friend of mine gave me this link the other day (after I posted a link to pictures of a tour of Chernobyl(!)): <http://www.lostamerica.com/index.html>

I once thought it would be cool to live in the desert Southwest, but the realization that living in the middle of miles and miles of Nothing would make me insane got that thought out of my mind. (Though driving I-40 east from Barstow was fun, in a way.)



 **standuponit**

March 29 2009, 00:20:15 UTC COLLAPSE

I like miles of nothing!

That Barstow drive is lonely. And pretty. But try 80 between Reno and Winnemucca. 0.0



 **akiko**



March 29 2009, 01:18:22 UTC COLLAPSE

I like miles of nothing in theory or to visit, but I'm very much an around-people person. :) (If you're familiar with the MBTI, I'm an E-type.) I live in a place that's close enough to both a small city and the Appalachians to make me happy. (And 5 hours from DC or Atlanta, which isn't too bad, but not for, like, a trip to the symphony.)

I drove 40 from Barstow to just short of Raleigh, NC. I've also driven 40 from Raleigh to Wilmington, which means that I have driven all 3000 miles of I-40, except a few dozen miles where we detoured through Petrified Forest. It's really pretty, and you can see the stars so much clearer. I saw some fireworks from the road on the 4th of July, which was pretty nifty. There's some pretty stuff out there, and if I hadn't been heading hellbent for home, I would have spent more time looking at it.



 edschweppe

March 30 2009, 01:33:28 UTC COLLAPSE

I took Amtrak once from San Francisco to Boston, including that long stretch of nothing but miles and miles of miles and miles.

Well, almost nothing. There was one guy. Driving a pickup truck. And towing a boat. That was worth a couple of "WTF?" moments.



 standuponit

March 30 2009, 01:51:28 UTC COLLAPSE

Under those circumstances, that's a lot more effective than trying it the opposite way.



 trollcatz

March 29 2009, 00:13:42 UTC COLLAPSE

Now there's an icon that says, "I'd rather be climbing!" *g*

Seriously, what a cool photo. Someone built that place, with a window to frame that view. Now there's no one to look out at it. What happened between the planning and building, and the emptiness? (And I know there's likely a specific thing that happened. But ghost towns are all about plans intersecting with reality. And so's that photo.)

 standuponit

March 29 2009, 00:18:35 UTC COLLAPSE

Look at this one!


It's Rhyolite, which is about 90 miles northish of Vegas, near Beatty. This shot is of what was the bank. It has bats in the basement! They fly out at night.

It's a park now, and there's a park ranger who's so bored he builds little adobe houses and sticks them full of chips of glass and stuff to make mosaics out of them. The whole yard of his trailer is full.

The mountains all around are full of abandoned mines. It was a boom town, and after the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the banks all collapsed and everybody went broke.


I'd like to take you there some time.



 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 29 2009, 00:31:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


That'll teach 'em not to build a belfry.

 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 00:40:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The opera house is still standing.




 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[March 30 2009, 01:52:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The bats were frightened off from it by the ghosts of 19th century coloratura sopranos.




 [trollcatz](#)

[March 29 2009, 00:33:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That sounds insanely cool. I'd like to go!



 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 00:38:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, considering how you were quizzing Marti about what I was like growing up, I thought it was only fair to offer a tour of the old homestead. 0.0

Did I mention the ranger has a cat?



 [trollcatz](#)

[March 29 2009, 04:15:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

cough Um, the quizzing. Sorry, dude. About the, you know, privacy thing. Didn't mean to violate. I would have asked you, but I figured at the time you were too busy being you to know what you were like. *wince*

Now I'm imagining you growing up in the ruins of a ghost town, sleeping in the basement of the bank after the bats leave. It's kind of cool. And in my head you look like a cross between you and Charlie the coyote.

You know perfectly well you didn't mention the ranger had a cat. *g*

How old were you when you first went there?



 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 10:50:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Well, you're not getting to see any baby pictures. *Maybe* a yearbook photo. Ahem.

Rhyolite probably has coyotes, too, but I have never seen one. My wild brothers and sisters are shy! They vanish like smoke when the cars pull up.

I'm not sure if people go mad in the desert, or if the mad people move there, but on the road into town there's a sort of museum where somebody has built some life-sized plaster statues of ghosts doing things like riding a bicycle and re-enacting the last supper. Goes well with the park ranger's tiny mosaic houses.

She's a little tiny black cat, very friendly. Not much bigger than the Angry Kitten. (Angry Kitten has started bringing around friends. There's two tabbies, one sand-colored and one brown, and a big white cat. White does not seem like a really optimized color for feral cats. But I'm glad she has friends now.)

I was eleven, I think. Class trip. Load all the city kids into yellow twinkie buses and ship them across the desert to more desert!



 [magpie49](#)

[March 29 2009, 02:41:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hi. I followed a link from trollcatz lj. . .
and I'm admiring your Nevada photography. Wonderful, thank you.




 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 10:50:27 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Thank you!



 [maki_to13](#)

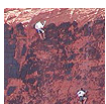
[March 29 2009, 03:57:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh wow...

I've never been further west than San Antonio, but that looks gorgeous. Beautiful photography skills there, too. I'd love to go to Nevada someday, even though there's a lot of nothing around it, still...

Also? I love that song.



 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 10:53:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It was my mom's favorite song. Well, not the Kristin Hersh version, obviously.

Nevada is the nothing in the middle of the pretty deserts. But there's beauty there if you know how to look for it. Las Vegas has some amazing parks around it--the Valley Of Fire, Red Rock Canyon, the Spring Mountains, the Sheep Mountains. Death Valley....

And some old nuclear testing sites, too....

 [maki_to13](#)

[March 29 2009, 15:39:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wow. I guess when I take my road trip to the Grand Canyon this summer I'll have to take a little detour.

And icon?: Oh dear. That is rather mindboggling. Another one of your photos?

 [sprrwhwk](#)

[March 29 2009, 04:18:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Shiiiiiny. <3 abandoned places. Spending a couple weeks hiking the Sierras convinced me that I'm enough of a people person to not want to live in the wilderness all the time, but it's still shiny to visit.

Funny thing is, I only started making Nevada icons when I stopped being homesick for it.

Isn't it odd how that works? I've been homesick for my family, though not for the place I grew up, and I have more generally been homesick for Iowa/the Midwest in the past, though I'm mostly over that now. I'm only beginning to make my *peace* with Iowa (which is a different thing in a way I can't quite articulate), but I'm still glad that it's a part of me. If I had more userpic space, one of them would be something of Iowa.



 [standuponit](#)

[March 29 2009, 10:55:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes. Getting comfortable with the place you grew up in is tricky. Right now I think you have to go away and come back. Or I did, anyway. It's emotionally complex.

 [bunny_m](#)

[March 29 2009, 13:39:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Those are some gorgeous and evocative pics there. For my money, though, very little can match the sense of wondrous desolation you get driving from the West coast of Aus to the Eastern States.

Watching the sun come up over the ocean of the Bight is something wonderful and spiritual, to my mind. And driving down into Eucla on the last gasp of fuel at 5am is a salutary experience too. (Followed closely by sticker shock at the price of said fuel.) O.O

So much empty....

This looks like a
good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not
bad.

Gotta teach RHex
to smear.